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FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

THE WHITE PHANTOM; OR, HOUSEHOLD TREASON. A STORY OF LAND AND SEA.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECRET CONCLAVE," &c.

CHAPTER XXII.

RALPH LOCKWOOD AT HOME—LARKIN AND HIS EMPLOYER—THE DETECTIVE'S INFORMATION—LOCKWOOD'S RAGS—HE DETERMINES ON A PLAN—HE MEETS LEWIS AND HARRIET IN A SLEIGH—HIS INTERVIEW WITH MR. LEROY—HIS INFAMOUS LIE—LEROY'S ANSWER.

We must leave the young lovers to the enjoyment of each other's society, while we go back a few hours in our history. He is the well-furnished library of Elm Park sat its owner and the successful politician, Ralph Lockwood. He had aged much of late, in fact, he would have been called by every one who beheld him, an old man. His cheeks were sunken, his forehead covered with wrinkles, and his gray hair was white. The expression of his countenance now more clearly revealed his ruling passion than it had ever done before. Avarice was to be traced in every lineament of his features. He was engaged in preparing a speech to be delivered at Hudson, for he had been nominated by one of the political parties for congress, and was called upon frequently to address the electors of his district. As he sat at his desk writing, with his lips compressed, and his brows knitted, he was the impersonation of evil. It was plainly to be perceived that he never allowed such a sentiment as pity to influence him for one moment. His heart was stony and sterile as the bricks with which his mansion was built. A knock at the door interrupted his labors. To the angry reply of "come in," a servant entered the room.

"If you please, sir," said the girl, "there's a man wants to speak with you."

"Who is it?"

"I think it's the man who came here soon after Mr. Lewis ran away."

"What, Larkin?" muttered Lockwood. "What can he want? Show him up," he added aloud to the servant.

In a moment or two afterwards Larkin entered the room with a bold, defiant air, which showed the owner of Elm Park saw, he scorned malignantly on the intruder.

"What do you want now, fellow?" said Lockwood in a harsh voice. "Did I not satisfy you the other day, that you must come and inflict your odious presence on me again?"

"For the matter of that, you paid me my dues," returned Larkin, in no wise abashed by his reception; "but I guess I know something now that will give you a good price to learn."

"What is it?"

"I told you a short time ago that your step-son was dead."

"Yes, and I believe now you told me a lie."

"Well, perhaps I did; but perhaps you will hold a different tone when you hear what I have to say. But first of all, what will you give me for the information I now offer?"

"Not a groat!" Do you think I don't know you, Larkin? You imagine I can't see through your hollow pretences? You come to me with some well connected lie, which you think I am gullible enough to swallow; but, by Heaven! you reckon without your host. I have paid you enough already. Begone!"

"Well, just as you like. It's your business, not mine," and he made a step towards the door.

Ralph Lockwood, while he was speaking, gazed at him very earnestly, and read in his features something which made him suspect that after all he might be telling the truth.

"Stop!" cried the owner of Elm Park; "let me hear what you have got to say. What do you want for your information?"

"Well, in my opinion it is worth at least \$100."

"Here, take it then," returned Lockwood, going to a desk and handing Larkin a hundred dollar bill. "Now, then, tell me what you know, quick."

"In the first place, I should say that when I told you the other day that your step-son died in Havana, I was deceived; for since then I have seen him and spoken to him."

"Where?"

"At a restaurant in East Broadway."

"Did he know you?"

"He did."

"Why did you not arrest him?"

"Lord bless you! he's a deal too sharp for that, row. He abused me like a pickpocket, and threatened to invoke the protection of the law. He scared me—but I managed to follow him without being seen."

"This becomes serious," muttered Lockwood to himself; and then he added aloud, "Where is he, man?"

"Where do you suppose?"

"How should I know?"

"Tell me, is he not more than two miles from this house?"

"What?" cried Ralph Lockwood in a voice of thunder, rising from his chair. "Here, in this neighborhood? Villain! you have betrayed me," and he advanced and seized Larkin by the throat.

"Gently, Mr. Lockwood, gently!" cried the detective, shaking himself free. "You are wrong, I have not said a word, on my honor."

"Well, believe me or not, just as you like; I tell you I told him nothing of your plans."

"What is he doing in this neighborhood, then?"

"I don't know, exactly, but I can give a pretty good guess. The fact is, he is now on a visit to Mr. Leroy, and has met his cousin there."

"Death and confusion! I cannot believe it!"

"I am telling you a fact."

"I must see to this," said Lockwood, taking up his hat. "I will go up and judge for myself. I must find out what footing he has there; and if it be but a light one, I must dispossess him if possible. It will not do to allow him to become intimate in my family. He must be a stranger to Mr. Leroy for I know they have never met before. By Heaven! I must get rid of him some way or other, he muttered to himself, as if he were debating in his own mind the best course to pursue; he then added aloud, "Larkin, have you any objection to state that you are this young man's father?"

"I don't know what game you would be at; but if I am paid for what I am willing."

"I will pay you well. Remain here till I return, I shall have further business with you."

"Well! I will go and take a stroll till you come back," said Larkin, rising from his seat and putting on his hat.

When Larkin had gone, Lockwood hurried from his house, and took the road in the direction of Mr. Leroy's dwelling.

Ralph Lockwood's feelings were by no means enviable at this moment. He had fondly hoped that his step-son was dead, and to find him not only alive, but the accepted visitor in such an influential family as Mr. Leroy's, was gall and wormwood to him.

Besides, he knew that to some extent he was in the power of this man Larkin, who was without one particle of honorable feeling, whom he knew would betray him if he could make an extra dollar by it. During his walk the wily schemer turned the matter rapidly over in his mind; he saw that he must come to some decision and act promptly; there was no time for delay, the least hesitation might be fatal to him. His course of action was soon decided upon. In the first instance he would endeavor to prejudice Mr. Leroy against his visitor, and if he succeeded, he would hesitate at no means to rid himself forever of this obstacle in his path. He bitterly cursed himself that he had not used more active means to make away with him when he had him in his power.

While he was indulging in these reflections he met a sleigh drawn by two gray horses. A young lady and gentleman were in it, conversing very earnestly. The moment Ralph Lockwood saw them he recognized her as the daughter of his old enemy, and so interested in each other that they did not notice him, and actually, as he passed them, the young man leaned forward and kissed the blushing girl. Lockwood ground his teeth in rage. His worst fears were realized. The sight of their happiness, however, only made him more determined in his purpose. By the time he reached Mr. Leroy's house, his face had resumed its wonted hypocritical look, and it was with the most apparent unconcern that he asked for the proprietor. He was immediately shown into the library, where Harriet's uncle was seated reading.

"Good morning, Mr. Leroy," said Lockwood as he entered.

"I was just passing by, and I thought I would give you a call."

"Ah! Mr. Lockwood, is that you? How are you? I am glad to see you—take a seat."

"By-the-by, I have not seen you since Harriet Mayhew took up her abode in your house. Of course, I make no objection to her proceeding—if she prefers your roof to mine I have nothing to say to it; but if she is at home I should very much like to see her."

"She has gone out for a sleigh ride with a young gentleman of her acquaintance."

"Was the sleigh drawn by two grey horses?"

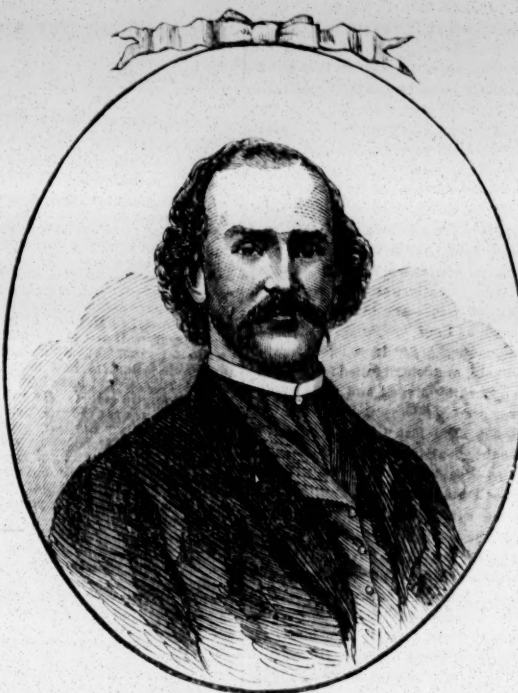
"Yes."

"Why! I must have met it then. I did not see the young lady's face, but I recognized that of her companion. But it is possible that your niece is out driving with young Larkin?"

"Larkin? No!—the young man is your step-son, Lewis Livingston."

"My dear sir, you have been greatly deceived. I have the most positive proofs that Lewis died in Havana. The person in the sleigh was Henry Larkin, the son of a detective, who formerly made a living by collecting bones."

Mr. Leroy visibly shuddered at the idea of his niece being in company with the son of a man who had made his living by collecting bones—it was horrible.



CHARLES H. DUPREZ.
MINSTREL MANAGER.
For Biographical Sketch, see another Column.

"But, my dear sir," said he, "may you not be deceived? he can hardly be the person you suppose."

"I can only reiterate that the young man I met in company with your niece was Henry Larkin, son of Larkin, detective officer, and ex-bone collector."

"If I find what you state to be correct, it will be my painful duty to forbid him the house."

"My dear sir," said Lockwood, lifting up his hands in a hypocritical fashion, "you don't know that young man. He is the most presuming, impudent individual existing; and all too, under the semblance of gentle manners."

"Is it possible I can have lived to see the day when a miserable wretch springs from the lowest dregs of the people dare to ask the hand of my niece in marriage?"

"Sir!" exclaimed Lewis, rising in his turn, "you wrong me—the man you mention is not my father."

"Live!" returned the old man, thumping his fist on the table, "you know you are wilfully and culpably. I know your whole history—he is your father. You wish for my answer to your proposal. Listen then, I would sooner see my niece dead at my feet than that she should be your wife."

"Perhaps, sir, time may cause you to change your determination."

"Sir! you insult me by the supposition. I can condescend to hold no further intercourse with you, and must request that you leave my house to-morrow morning, and I hope I shall never see your face more."

"Mr. Leroy, you have grossly insulted me. You have done me immense injustice, and mark my words, sir, as sure as you now live, you will repent your conduct."

At the moment he uttered these words, the door opened, and a servant entered bringing in candles. She had evidently heard the prophecy, for she gazed from one to the other with alarm and surprise painted in her face. It was only after her master had given her a sign that she left the room.

"I shall not stay until to-morrow morning," said Lewis, "I will leave at once."

"As you like," returned Mr. Leroy, re-seating himself.

Lewis advanced to the door, and, opening it, stood for a moment on the threshold. "I repeat, sir," said he, "you will bitterly repent of this infamous proceeding."

So saying, he hurried from the old man's presence. He immediately went up to the bed room which had been assigned to him, and, packing his carpet bag, descended the stairs. He asked a servant for Harriet, and was told that she had been obliged to retire to bed with a sick headache; he stood for a moment undecided what course to pursue. He felt that he must see Harriet again before he left for New York, and yet he determined he would not sleep in that house. At last the thought struck him that he might pass the night in some out-building, and see her early in the morning.

It was dark night when he stood outside the house. He walked round it, and at the back found a number of out-buildings in close proximity. He entered a kind of barn which was more than half filled with trusses of hay. He threw himself on a quantity of loose fodder, and gave way to his reflections.

What a difference had one short hour made in his feelings! Before, he was all hope and animation—now he was plunged in the lowest depths of despair. He foresaw that all hopes of obtaining Mr. Leroy's consent were utterly futile, unless he could prove his identity, and to do so would be to reveal his whereabouts to his step-father. Mr. Leroy was evidently bitterly prejudiced against him. It was in vain that he tried to discover who could have maligned him to the old man. Mr. Leroy had grossly insulted him, and he upbraided himself that he had not retaliated in some manner; that he had remained meek and calm, while the old man heaped every opprobrious epithet on his head. He felt maddened when he thought of this, and more than once half rose from his reclining posture, as if he had made up his mind to return to the house and heard the lion in his den; but then the thought of Harriet restrained him. The certainty that it would only be widening the breach and give pain to the dear object of his love, determined him to remain passive. The excitement of this stormy interview had made his head ache, and he felt a pressure and tightness about the temples, when "Annie" he felt something warm trickling down his face; he raised his hand, and found that his nose was bleeding. This relieved him very much. In a short time he closed his eyes, and in spite of all his misfortunes, was soon revolving in a world of dreams.

CHAPTER XXIV.

EARLY MORNING IN MR. LEROY'S HOUSE—BIDDY, THE SLEIGH—HER DREAM—NON-APPEARANCE OF MR. LEROY—THE DISCOVERY—THE SEARCH—DISCOVERY OF LEWIS IN THE BARN—THE ACCUSATION—THE DAMNING EVIDENCE OF THE KNIFE AND BLOOD.

A sudden thaw took place during the night, and when the morning dawned a heavy rain beat against the windows of Mr. Leroy's house. It was still bitterly raw and cold, entirely different, however, from the bracing temperature of the frost. Nearly all the snow had disappeared during the night, and in its place were pools of water and brown mud. It was a very uninviting morning to leave one's couch, but Mr. Leroy was an early riser, and he insisted that all his domestics should be up by cock crow. On the morning in question they left their beds very unwillingly. They knew, however, their employer would require his breakfast at seven o'clock, and should it chance not to be ready, their instant dismissal would follow. The household, Biddy, of all the servants on that eventful morning, appeared the most difficult to awaken. Margaret, the cook, again advanced to her bedside, and shook her by the shoulder.

"Come, Biddy, get up," said Margaret; "you won't have the room swept and dusted before breakfast is ready. Get up! I say."

"O, dear me! is it time to get up? Oh! I had such a horrible dream last night!"

"Better your dreams!" replied the cook, in no very good humor; "you are always dreaming some nonsense or other."

"O, I know you always sneer at them," replied Biddy, sitting up in her bed, the prospect of an argument thoroughly arousing her. "An' sure and don't they always come true?"

"Stuff!" returned Margaret; "I don't believe in such nonsense."

"Nonsense, you call it! Well, now, I'll just tell you what I dreamt last night. I thought that Miss Harriet's lover came back here in the middle of the night and murdered Mr. Leroy."

"What folly! you had better by half dress yourself."

"I tell you I seen him as plain as I see you at this minute. Oh! he looked awful; he had a long knife in his hand, and the blood was all streaming from it."

"Come, hurry up and dress yourself! I don't you know that it is unkindly to tell your dreams until you have had some breakfast."

"I do so it, I forgot that," said the housemaid, jumping up and hurrying on her clothes. Her toilet was soon made, and in a few minutes she was busily engaged in her duty of cleaning

the dining-room. The cook hurried on breakfast, and by seven o'clock it was served, although it was not yet quite light. But, strange to say, Mr. Leroy had not made his appearance—something which had not occurred before in the memory of the oldest servant. A council was held in the kitchen as to what was to be done, and as they had no precedent to guide them, the suggestions made were various and opposite. One was for awakening him, another for letting him sleep, a third for going outside his room door and dropping a tray, while a fourth was for ringing the alarm bell, and then pretending that it was a mistake. At last, after considerable discussion, it was decided that Biddy should go up stairs and tell him that breakfast was ready.

This the housemaid proceeded to do, but with considerable misgiving, for she did not know what reception she would receive. To her surprise, however, she received no reply to her summons, and after knocking several times, she returned to the conclave in the kitchen, and made known the result. Another consultation was held, and this time it was decided that the butler and two female domestics should try again. They had no better success than the housemaid. The butler then determined he would try the door to see if it was fastened. He put his hand on the handle for that purpose, and then suddenly drew it back again.

"How wet and sticky the handle of the door is!" said he.

"That's your fancy," returned Biddy, "I only cleaned it yesterday."

"Well, you can see for yourself," replied the butler, and he held up his hand so that the light of the lamp they carried should fall upon it. The girls gave a shriek.

"Great Heavens! it's blood!" they both exclaimed.

And so it was; a dark red streak marked the man's hand where he had grasped the handle.

There was no longer any hesitation. The butler opened the door, which he found unfastened, and entered the room, followed by the trembling girls. The room was a large one, and the feeble light they carried did not half penetrate the darkness. One of the servants went to a window, drew up the blind, and then opened the shutters. A fearful spectacle met their eyes. Hanging from the bed, his long white hair dragging in a pool of blood, was the dead body of Mr. Leroy. By the position in which he was placed a hideous gaping wound in his throat, plainly showed how he had met his end. He had evidently not struggled much. The bed clothes were very little discomposed, and the furniture in the room was scarcely displaced at all. The murderer, whoever he might be, had undoubtedly taken the old man unawares, and had done his work quickly.

The whole house was suddenly aroused, and the most fearful consternation prevailed. A hundred different hypotheses were given as to how the murder was committed. Suddenly Biddy remembered her dream.

"I know who was the murderer!" she exclaimed.

"Who?" asked a dozen voices.

"Why, that young man who was here yesterday."

The idea was immediately caught up, and it was remembered that he had been in the house that night.

Harriet soon appeared. In spite of her strong nerves she was terribly shocked at the catastrophe. In a few minutes she recovered herself sufficiently to order that an immediate search of the premises should be made. It was then noticed for the first time that the corridor was spotted with blood which appeared to follow one particular direction. The spots were traced down stairs to the hall. Here all further investigation appeared useless, for no more could be seen, when one of the servants detected a single spot on the handle of the door. The door was opened, and the blood could be plainly traced in distinct spots, somewhat wide apart round the house to the back; here, by care, they detected fresh traces across the paved yard to a barn, in which a quantity of hay was stored. The watchers then opened the door, and discovered a young man lying at full length on some loose hay, fast asleep. His hands were stained with blood, as well as his face and clothes. He was immediately recognized to be the young man who had visited Mr. Leroy the day before.

The tramping of feet and the babel of voices awakened the young man. He started up and gazed in a bewildered manner about him. He was immediately seized by two men.

"What do you want?" said Lewis, struggling to free himself.

"What do you mean?"

"You know well enough what we want," replied a short, thick-set man, who acted in the capacity of village constable. "You have only to look at your hands to find out why we are here."

The young man glanced at his hands, and stared pale as death when he saw them.

"Blood! blood!" he muttered. "How come it here?"

"I reckon," said the officer, "you can answer that question better than any one else."

"Oh! how foolish of me!" exclaimed Lewis, smiling. "I remember very well now, my nose bled last night."

"Of course!" replied the constable with a sneering laugh; "a poor explanation, young man—a poor explanation; it's astonishing how conveniently some people's noses do bleed."

A laugh followed this sally, from the bystanders, who by this time had become quite numerous. Lewis gazed from one to the other with the greatest astonishment painted on his features.

"What means this?" cried the young sailor in an excited voice. "Why am I molested? One would think that I had been guilty of murder!"

"By golly! he plays it out well," observed the constable, who appeared to be the spokesman of the party. "You are a good deal of a fellow, but the most innocent dirt alive. But, unfortunately for him, like all other actors, he has a little overdone it. I call you all to witness that he denies having committed the murder, before a word was said about murder having been committed at all. He must therefore have known that Mr. Leroy was murdered last night."

"Mr. Leroy murdered!" cried Lewis, aghast and astounded at the information. "Murdered! impossible!"

"Well, upon my word, you'd make a first-rate actor!" said Bobkins, the constable. "But come, sir, you must come with me."

"Come with you—where? What for—what to do?" exclaimed Lewis, utterly bewildered.

"It's no use your trying to play the innocent dodge on us, young man. The fact is, you must come before a magistrate."

"Before a magistrate? What have I done?"

"What have you done? Why, murdered Mr. Leroy in cold blood—that's what you have done."

"And here's the knife he did it with!" exclaimed one of the servants, pulling a large bowie knife from out of a truss of hay. It was smeared with blood, and had been so badly concealed that the hay on the outside of the place was stained all round.

Lewis was thunderstruck. It was some minutes before he could realize his position. At last the truth broke on his mind.

"Do you mean to say," asked he, "that you accuse me of having murdered Mr. Leroy?"

"That's just it, and I can tell you, young man, it's a mighty black case against you. But, come! I have no time to dally longer; we will go to Squire Perkins, and he'll settle the business for you in no time."

"By all means," said Lewis; "carry me to a magistrate. I have no doubt I can make my innocence perfectly plain to him in a few minutes."

"Well, you are the gamest covet I ever saw," replied the constable, politely escorting the accused out of the barn. Lewis walked with a calm, undaunted step, and so perfectly satisfied was he of his own innocence, that a doubt never entered his mind but that he could immediately prove it.

Squire Perkins lived about a quarter of a mile off, and to his house they all bent their steps without any further parley.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHARLES H. DUPREZ.

This gentleman, known as one of the most successful minstrel band managers in the country at the present time, was born in the State of Rhode Island. For many years past he has been recognized as one of the leading managers in the country. In the burnt cork business. Our first recollection of Mr. Duprez, was when he was one of the managers of the very popular band known as Shorey, Duprez & Green's New Orleans and Metropolitan Opera Troupe. In 1860 Mr. Duprez was manager and business agent. The company traveled extensively through the Southern States and made a successful trip to Cuba, playing while there to good houses. Returning home they visited all the principal Western cities. Soon after this Mr. Shorey withdrew from the concern, and Mr. Duprez became the head of the firm, which he has continued to be up to the present time. As an advertiser he is said to be as shrewd as they make them, and is making as much money with his hand as any other company traveling. He is now plotting Duprez & Green's Minstrel on a most successful tour through the Canada.

"Some, What Has von Lincoln Done?"—Capt. James A. Farish, of the Highlanders, who has been reported twice dead, is, we are rejoiced to say, still in the land of the living, hale and hearty, and at present filling the honorable position of Paymaster down at Natchez, Mississippi. The soldiers all like Captain Jim, for when their money is once placed in his hands, they don't have to wait long before they get it. In the short time of his life he has been twice married, and has been entrusted with several official duties, such as the wreck of the Ruth, on the Mississippi, etc. The report of his own death was read by the Highlander with some astonishment, and was not to him. In place of being dead, or even sick, he was never in better health in his life than at the present time, and scales 275 lbs. Avoids soap. That doesn't look much like dying. Farish expects soon to pay a flying visit to New York, and we have no doubt he will be heartily welcomed.

JEM COLBERT, the clever proprietor of the "Gem," was badly beaten a few nights ago in a Broadway saloon.

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Continued from Page 387.

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49-11

CLIFFER Office, N. Y. City.

MISS PAULINE CUSHMAN,

of rebellion spy notoriety,

will leave of some advantage by sending her address

to the New York Clipper office.

49-11

AMUSEMENTS.

STEWART & MEAN'S

BURLESCUE MINSTREL COMPANY.

The oldest (organized in 1868), funniest, and queerest group

of Minstrels ever brought to light by the showman Tia Pella,

Wood Sawyer, Tailor, Mocking Bird, or any other man in the

World.

THE WORLD GONE OUT!

After witnessing the peculiar show given by this monstrous

Group, the world, not being aware before that the world con-

tained so much talent in the world (the word world is used here

pretty often, as it embraces the manager's idea of the largest

thing he knows of in the world) immediately went out and has

not since been heard of.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE QUARTETTE.

Led on by Sig. Rinaldo Burgoemato, admitted by all judges who

are not critics, and who never before saw a minstrel company,

to be the biggest thing out.

A BONA FIDE BRASS BAND.

Composed of three thousand pieces (large and small).

ALL SOFT IRON CLAD MINSTRELS that get in our way are in-

formed that the members of this Group have presented the

senior proprietor with a cane that has got real gold on it, and if

the aforesaid iron clads don't stop bothering this show he will

feel compelled to use it on somebody, if they will agree not to

hurt him afterward. (The senior proprietor don't understand

the English language, but his partner does, and he says this last

item is about the wittiest thing he ever heard of, and he ought

to know.)

THE GIGANTIC POSTER used by this company magnificently

and gorgeously exceeds and excels everything ever before

thought of in the world. It covers just exactly one acre of

ground one way and half an acre the other way; it is printed in

twenty-nine colors (there are only three, but twenty-nine sounds

better), takes four men and a boy ten days to work each bill and

cost somewhere from \$50 to \$1,000. The first one was put

up at High Bridge, Harlem, N. Y., that the public might enjoy a

rich feast for nothing, and lots of half-starved children grew fat

by simply feasting on printers' ink. For the benefit of those

who have not beheld this Poster, the following brief description

is given: In the centre is a view of a stage, with a lot of min-

strels on and a number under it; by this it will be understood

that there are so many people in the hall the performers are

actually crowded out, a little, but frequently occurs with this

party—in their advertisements. At the top right-hand cor-

ner is a sketch of Mr. Stewart as he appeared before entering

the profession; he is seated, a la Turk, on a bench, with the

various implements of his trade around him, and on his box is

perched what may be considered either a goose or a mocking

bird. Motto—"Enterprising interference with other people's

business." Under this picture is another one, representing the

same gentleman before he became a genius. He is quietly

reading a poster that is being put up, and sighing for the days

to come. The little carpet-bag in his hand contains his last

week's washing.

On the opposite side, at the top, will be found a life-like sketch

of the dummy, Mr. Mean, with a better suit of clothes on than

he ever owned. Under this picture is another one of Mr. Mean,

with a guitar in his hand, supposed to be warbling to a mocking

bird in a tree, while the bird warbles back. It is a noticeable fact

that the gentleman takes the precaution not to stand immedi-

ately under the bird. In the distance will be seen a beautiful

horse, owned by Mr. Mean, quietly grazing on the gentleman's

farm—oh, my!

The motto—"Hang things up in the outer hall," which will

be found at the bottom of the bill, don't mean anything in par-

ticular; consequently will have an immense effect. In fact,

everybody is amused at it, every time, more especially when they

behold such quantities of birds, dogs and things. Photographs

furnished at short notice. Agents wanted in every town to sell

them—the photographs, and to send away dissatisfied, are re-

minded that our bill poster cost a great deal of money.

For further particulars, see programmes of the day. None

genuine unless printed with a big picture at the top, and signed

by

J. E. MEAN, Dummy.

49-11

ATHENEUM, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

A. MONTELLIER, Proprietor and Manager.

Late Proprietor of the National Theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio.

T. D. CORRIE, Stage Manager.

Will open for the season

On MONDAY evening, March 28th, 1884.

The Management in great pleasure in announcing that the

Athenaeum is now being

Entirely Redecorated, Repaired,

and Ornamented,

With Large and Commodious Stage and Scenery.

Will be

The Finest Music Hall

In the Western Country.

Ladies and gentlemen of ability, and well known in the pro-

fession, desirous of a good engagement, should apply immedi-

ately, as above.

THE HALL OF THE THEATRE.

Also, MINSTREL and CLOWNS' WIGS, Kibbi Cuffs, Beards,

etc., etc. Goods made to order, and sent to all parts of the

Union. BRONZE MEDAL, obtained at the Universal Exhibition

of Paris, 1880 for THEATRICAL WIGS EXHIBITED. Sent

for PRICE LIST to PAUL LE SPOITE, Theatrical Wig Maker,

15 West Houston street, New York.

49-11

AMUSEMENTS.

ANTS' OPERA HOUSE,
Mechanical Hall, 452 Broadway.

MORRIS BROTHERS, & CO'S MINSTRELS,
OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.
COMMENCED THEIR SEVENTH REGULAR SEASON,
MONDAY AUGUST 3d.
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRODGE'S MINSTRELS
Consist of the following gentlemen:

LOU MORRIS,	N. LOTHIAN,
BILLY MORRIS,	R. M. CARROLL,
JOHNNY PELL,	J. QUEEN,
J. C. TROWBRODGE,	F. WILMARTH,
M. W. PRESOOTT,	R. FREDERICKS,
J. L. GILBERT,	J. J. HILLIARD,
J. P. ENDREX,	D. J. MAGUINNIS,
AUGUST SCHNEIDDE,	L. A. ZWISLOCK,
D. W. BOARDMAN,	JAPANESE TOMY.

The Management call particular notice to the above distinguished array of Talent.

Tickets 25 cents; Reserved Seats 50 cents.

41-W
LON MORRIS, Manager.

A detailed black and white illustration of a peacock standing in a landscape. The peacock's tail feathers are fanned out in a large, semi-circular display, showing intricate patterns and eye-like shapes. The bird is facing slightly to the right. In the foreground, to the left, there is a small, white bird, possibly a dove, standing on the ground. The background is dark and textured, suggesting a forest or a night scene. The overall style is that of a woodcut or a detailed engraving.

A detailed black and white illustration of a cow, likely a Friesian or similar breed, standing in a field. The cow is facing right, with its head turned slightly towards the viewer. It has a dark coat with a prominent white patch on its side. The background shows a simple horizon line and some foliage at the bottom.

A detailed black and white illustration of a large male deer, likely a caribou or reindeer, standing in a natural setting. The deer is shown in profile, facing left, with its head slightly turned towards the viewer. It has a thick, shaggy coat and large, multi-tined antlers. The background features a simple line drawing of a fence and some trees. The artist's signature, 'M. B. W.', is visible in the lower left corner of the illustration.

A detailed black and white illustration of two wild boars in a forest. The boar on the left is shown in profile, facing right, with its head lowered as if sniffing the ground. The boar on the right is facing left, looking towards the first boar. Both animals have thick, dark fur and prominent, pointed tusks. The background features stylized trees and foliage, rendered with fine lines and cross-hatching for texture.

A detailed black and white illustration of a bison standing in a field with mountains in the background. The bison is shown in profile, facing left, with its head slightly turned. It has a thick, shaggy coat and a large, curved horn. The background features rolling hills and mountains under a clear sky. The illustration is signed 'W. H. H. 1872' in the bottom left corner.

A detailed black and white engraving of a leopard and its cub. The adult leopard is standing on the right, looking down at the cub. The cub is lying on the ground on the left, looking up at the adult. The background is a simple, textured landscape.

A LEOPARD AND YOUNG,

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS,
Cor. Summer and Chauncy streets,
BOSTON.
Entertainments Every Evening, and

48 3m Saturday Afternoon.

